

WHAT SHE KNOWS ABOUT IT.

What is flirtation? Really
How can I answer that?
Yet when she smiles I see its wiles,
And when he lifts his hat.
Tis meeting in the ball-room,
Tis whirling in the dance,
With something hid beneath the lid
Beside a simple glance.
Tis walking in the hall-way,
Tis resting on the stair;
Tis bearded lips on finger tips
(If mamma is not there)
Tis going out for ices,
Tis buttoning on a glove;
Tis lips that speak of plays next week,
And eyes that talk of love.
Tis tucking in a carriage;
Tis asking for a call;
Tis lifted eyes and tender sighs,
And that is—no, not all.
Tis parting when 'tis over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Tis la, my friend, best joys must end—
But one goes home to weep.

The Harmony Chime.

Perhaps some of my young readers who are familiar with the German language, may have met with the little incident upon which my tale is founded. Many years ago I saw it noticed in a few brief lines, but it struck me by its tender pathos, and I have tried to fill out the outlines of the meagre sketch of a true story into something like shape. Many years ago, in a large iron foundry in the city of Ghent, was found a young workman by the name of Otto Holstein. He was not nineteen years of age, but none of the workmen could equal him in his special department—bell-casting, or moulding. Far and near the fame of Otto's bells extended, the clearest and sweetest, people said, that were ever heard.

Of course, the great establishment of Von Erlangen, in which Otto worked, got the credit of his labors, but Von Erlangen and Otto himself knew very well to whom the superior tone of the bells was due. The master did not pay him higher wages than the others, but by degrees he grew to be general superintendent in his department in spite of his extreme youth.

"Yes, my bells are good," he said to a friend one day, who was commenting upon their merits; "but they do not make the music I will yet strike from them. They ring alike for all things. To be sure, when they toll for a funeral the slow measures make them seem mournful, but then the notes are really the same as in a wedding peal. I shall make a chime of bells that will sound at will every chord in the human soul."

"Then wilt thou deal in magic," said his friend, laughing; "and the holy inquisition will have somewhat to do with thee. No human power can turn a bell into a musical instrument."

"But I can," he answered briefly; "and inquisition or not, I will do it." He turned abruptly from his friend and sauntered, lost in thought, down the narrow street which led to his home. It was a humble, red-tiled cottage of only two rooms, that he had inherited from his grandfather. There he lived alone with his widowed mother. She was a mild, pleasant-faced woman, and her eyes brightened as her son bent his tall head under the low door-way, as he entered the little room. "Thou art late, Otto," she said, "and in trouble, too," as she caught sight of his grave, sad face.

"Yes," he answered. "When I asked Herr Erlangen for an increase of salary, for my work grows harder every day, he refused it. Nay, he told me if I was not satisfied I could leave, as there were fifty men ready to take my place. Ready! yes, to be able is a different thing."

His mother sighed deeply. "Thou wilt not leave Herr Erlangen's, surely. It is little we get, but it keeps us in food."

"I must leave," he answered. "Nay, do not cry out, mother! I have other plans, and thou wilt not starve. Mons. Dayrolles, the rich Frenchman, who lives in the Linden-strasse, has often asked me why I do not set up a foundry of my own. Of course, I laughed; I, who never have a thaler to spend. But he told me that he and several other rich friends of his would advance the means to start me in business. He is a great deal of his time at Erlangen's and is an enthusiast about fine bells. Ah! we are great friends and I am going to him after supper."

"People say that he is crazy," said his mother. "Crazy!" indignantly. "People say that of everybody who has ideas they can't understand. They say I am crazy when I talk of my chime of bells. If I stay with Erlangen, he gets the credit of my work, but my chime must be mine alone, mother." His eyes lighted with a kind of wild enthusiasm whenever he talked on this subject.

His mother's cheerful face grew sad as she laid her hand on his shoulder. "Why, Otto, thou art not thyself when thou speakest of those bells."

life's work; I know it, I feel it. It is upon me that my fate is woven intricately in that ideal chime. It is God-sent. No great work, but the maker is possessed wholly by it. Don't shake your head, mother. Wait till my 'harmony chime' sounds from the great cathedral belfry, and then shake it if you can."

His mother smiled faintly. "Thou art a boy—a mere child, Otto, though a wonderful genius, I must confess. Thy hopes delude thee for it would take a lifetime to carry out thine idea."

"Then let it take a lifetime!" he cried out, vehemently. "Let me accomplish it when I am too old to hear it distinctly, and I will be content that its first sounds toll my dirge. I must go now to Mons. Dayrolles. Wish me good luck, dearest mother," and he stooped and kissed her tenderly. Otto did not fall. The strange old man in his visits to the foundry had noticed the germs of genius in the boy, maker. He believed firmly that the and had grown very fond of him. He was so frank, so honest, so devoted to his work, and had accomplished so much at his early age, that Mons. Dayrolles saw a brilliant future before him. Besides, the old gentleman, with a Frenchman's vanity, felt that if the "harmony chime" could be made, the name of the munificent patron would go down to posterity with that of the boy would some day accomplish his purpose. So, although the revolt of the Netherlands had begun and he was preparing to return to his own country, he advanced the necessary funds, and saw Otto established in business before he quitted Ghent.

In a very short time work poured in upon Otto. During that long and terrible war the manufacture of cannon alone made the fortunes of workers in iron. So five years from the time he left Von Erlangen we find Otto Holstein a rich man at twenty-four years of age. But the idea for which he labored had never for a moment left his mind. Sleeping or waking, toiling or resting, his thoughts were busy perusing the details of the great work.

"Thou art twenty-four to-day, Otto," said his good mother, "and rich beyond our hopes. When wilt thou bring Gertrude home to me? Thou hast been betrothed now for three years, and I want a daughter to comfort my declining years. Thou dost thy betrothed maiden a grievous wrong to delay without cause. The gossips are talking already."

"Let them talk," laughed Otto. "Little do Gertrude or I care for their silly tongues. She and I have agreed that the 'harmony chime' is to usher in our marriage day. Why, good mother, no man can serve two mistresses, and my chime has the oldest claim. Let me accomplish it, and then the remainder of my life belongs to Gertrude and thou, too, best of mothers."

"Still that dream! still that dream!" sighed his mother. "Thou hast cast bell after bell, and until to-day I have heard nothing more of the wild idea."

"No, because I needed money. I needed time and thought, too, to make experiments. All is matured now. I have received an order to make a new set of bells for the great cathedral that was sacked last week by the 'Iconoclasts,' and I begin to-morrow."

As Otto had said, his life's work began the next day. He loved his mother, but he seemed now to forget her in the feverish eagerness with which he threw himself into his work. He had been a devoted lover to Gertrude, but he now never had a spare moment to give to her—in fact, he only seemed to remember her existence in connection with the peal which would ring in their wedding day. His labors were prolonged far over the appointed time, and meanwhile the internal war raged more furiously, and the Netherlands were one vast battlefield. No interest did Otto seem to take in the stirring events around him. The bells held his whole existence captive.

At last the moulds were broken, and the bells came out of their husks perfect in form, and shining as stars in Otto's happy eyes. They were mounted in the great belfry, and for the test chime Otto had employed the best bell-ringers in the city.

It was a lovely May morning, and almost crazed with excitement and anxiety, Otto, accompanied by a few chosen friends, waited outside the city for the first notes of the harmony chime. At some distance he thought he could better judge of the merits of his great work.

At last the first notes were struck, clear, sonorous and so melodious that his friends cried aloud with delight. But with finger upraised for silence, and eyes full of ecstatic delight, Otto stood like a statue until the last note died away. Then his friends caught him as he fell forward in a swoon—a swoon so like death that no one thought he would recover.

But it was not death, and he came out of it with a look of serene peace on his face that it had not worn since boyhood. He was married to Gertrude

that very day, but every one noticed that the ecstasy which transfigured his face seemed to be drawn more from the sound of the bells than the sweet face beside him.

"Don't you see a spell is cast on him as soon as they begin to ring?" said one after the bells had ceased to be a wonder. "If he is walking, he stops short, and if he is working, the work drops, and a strange fire comes into his eyes and I have seen him shudder all over as if he had an ague."

In good truth the bells seemed to have drawn a portion of Otto's life to them. When the incursions of the war forced him to fly from Ghent with his family, his regrets were not for his injured property, but that he could not hear the bells.

He was absent two years, and when he returned it was to find the cathedral almost a ruin and the bells gone, no one knew where. From that moment a settled melancholy took possession of Otto. He made no attempt to retrieve his losses, in fact, he gave up work altogether, and would sit all day with his eyes fixed on the ruined belfry.

People said he was melancholy mad, and I suppose it was the truth, but he was mad with a gentle kind of patience very sad to see. His mother had died during his exile, and now his wife unable with all her love to rouse him from his torpor faded slowly away. He did not notice her sickness, and his poor numbed brain seemed imperfectly to comprehend her death. But he followed her to the grave, and turning from it moved slowly down the city, passed the door of his old home without looking at it, and went out of the city gates.

After that he was seen in every city in Europe at different intervals. Charitable people gave him alms, but he never begged. He would enter a town, take his station near a church and wait until the bells rang for matins or vespers, then take up his staff, and sighing deeply, move off. People noting the wistful look in his eyes would ask him what he wanted.

"I am seeking—I am seeking," was his only reply, and those were almost the only words any one ever heard from him, and he muttered them often to himself. Years rolled over the head of the wanderer, but still his slow march from town to town continued. His hair had grown white, and his strength had failed him so much that he only tottered instead of walked, but still that wistful seeking look was in his eyes.

One glorious evening in midsummer he was crossing a river in Ireland. The kind-hearted boatman had been moved by the old man's imploring gesture to cross him. "His mighty sigh his end, anyhow," he muttered, looking at the feeble movements of the old pilgrim as he stumbled to his seat.

Suddenly through the still evening air came the distant sound of a melodious chime. At the first note the pilgrim leaped to his feet and threw up his arms.

"Oh, my God," he cried, "found at last!"

"It's the bells of the convent," said the wondering man—not understanding Otto's words spoken in a foreign tongue but answering his gesture. "They were brought from somewhere in Holland when they were fighting there. Mighty fine bells they are, anyhow. But he isn't listening to me."

No, he heard nothing but the bells. He merely whispered, "Come back to me after so many years—Oh, love of my soul, Oh, thought of my life! Peal on, for your voices tell me of Paradise."

The last note floated through the air and as it died away something else soared aloft forever, free from the clouds and struggles of life.

Otto lay dead, his face full of peace and joy, for the weary quest of his crazy brain was over, and the harmony chime had called him to his eternal rest.

Arizona Coal.

The Deer Creek coal fields, near the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona, promise great results. They were discovered in 1881, and active developments began last March. The coal is found in fifty veins of greater or less size, which have been opened and extend for a full mile in width. Seven shafts have been sunk in different places on the property, the deepest being some two hundred feet. In this deepest shaft, as in all the others, the coal has been followed all the way down, and at the depth of 150 feet a cross cut has been made through thirty feet of sandstone, striking another vein of coal fifteen feet wide. About this shaft, on the next vein, a one hundred-foot tunnel has been run, showing a face of eight feet of coal about forty-five feet from the surface. A cross cut from this tunnel shows a vein of seven feet of coal at the same depth. West of this tunnel, and about 100 yards distant, there is a shaft of forty feet down on an incline, so that any one can walk in at any time and see one of the finest bodies of coal on the property. In addition to these developments, there are several other shafts where the veins have been cut, showing coal from six to twenty-five feet in width.—Arizona Star.

"The only Fair Woman."

Joaquin Miller's Tribute to the Memory of His Dead Wife.

In accordance with a promise which "each made the other when my young wife seemed to see wreck and storm and separation for us on the arena of life long before it came, and even while we were newly married, young and strong and happy," Joaquin Miller now pays a tender tribute to the memory of his wife, "Minnie Myrtle," who died a year ago. He thus describes his first meeting with her:

It was while I was riding Mossman & Miller's pony express from Walla Walla to Millersburg, in the mines of Idaho, in the summer of 1861, that I first was attracted by her writings in the newspapers. I wrote her and had replies. Then when I came down from the mountains and embarked in journalism she wrote to me, and our letters grew ardent and full of affection. Then I mounted my horse and rode hundreds of miles through the valleys and over the mountains, till I came to the sea, at Port Oxford, then a flourishing mining town, and there first saw "Minnie Myrtle."

Tall, dark, and striking in every respect, the first Saxon woman I had ever addressed had it all her own way at once. She knew nothing at all of my life except that I was an expressman and country editor. I knew nothing at all of hers; but I found her, with her kind, good parents, surrounded by brothers and sisters, and the pet and spoiled child of the mining and lumber camp. "In her woody little world, there by the sea, she was literally worshipped by the rough miners and lumbermen, and the heart of the bright and merry girl was brimming full of romance, hope and happiness. I arrived on Thursday. On Sunday next we were married! Oh, to what else but ruin and regret could such romantic folly lead? Procuring a horse for her we set out at once to return to my post far away over the mountains.

When the couple, after a wild ride, reached home, they found that Miller's newspaper had been suppressed. They went to San Francisco, but after some time returned to Oregon, where Miller bought some cattle, and with his wife, baby and a party of friends, set out for a new mining camp, Canyon City, in Eastern Oregon.

And what a journey was this of ours over the Oregon sierras, driving the belching cattle in the narrow trail through the dense woods, up the steep, snowy mountains, down through the roaring canons! It was wild, glorious, fresh, full of hazard and adventure! Minnie had made a willow basket and swung it to her saddle-horn, with the crowing and good-natured baby inside, looking up at her laughing as she leaped her horse over the fallen logs or made a full hand with whip and lasso slashing after the cattle. But when we descended the wooded mountains to the open plain on the Eastern side of the sierras, the Indians were ready to receive us, and we almost literally had to fight our way for the next week's journey every day and night. And this woman was one of the truest souls that ever saw battle.

Justice, not Compromise; Equity, not Concession.

The conflicting issues that involve society—not at times, but for all times, issues always impending, issues live and pressing—must be met at the threshold with the stern, it may be, determinations of justice. Concessions are repugnant to the sensibilities of the intelligent, and to the ignorant—always rapacious—custom will soon lead to clamor for additional grants until the concessor from exhaustion declines further givings, and rebellion follows as a natural sequence.

Concession carries on its face error of some kind. Did we feel confined in our right to a position, it would be unjust to recede from a standpoint established,—to ourselves,—and if the antagonist accepts our flat, then the question is one of arbitrary justice through arbitration, which must extend justice to each. But if we yield, thus assuming false premises, no act of continued concession will strengthen our position, but will weaken us the more. Then again, the recipient of the favor—which it really is—takes a far different view of the situation. From his view he is but receiving a meagre quantity of what he considers his just dues, hence cannot be satisfied; is a disaffected factor in the movement, and will not be reconciled until he has his full pound of flesh. "Compromises," as has been truly said, "are evidences of weakness."

Those who are arrayed in the panoply of war, general or individual, can see no virtue in a compromise when all things seem equal. It is only those who feel that there is a preponderance on the side of antagonism, who are disposed to compromise; while, on the other hand, "to the victor belongs the spoils," a truism, politically speaking, of Governor Marcey, of New York. There can be no equitable adjustment through an

arrangement that suggests compromise: one or the other must yield, and the consequences will be that the compromise acts: but as a temporary expedient, accomplishing no satisfactory results; hence, it will be found that on the springing of any issue, it were wise in the supporters of any measure from a view of justice—nothing else—to place their position before the country strictly on its merits; all else will fall to secure a permanent position. The very moment that the supporter of any idea, theory or principle, waives the features of equity and justice, and looks to expediency through concession or compromise, he is at the end of his tether; what he may accomplish for the day will reach no fruition of permanent success. Such statesmen will finally go to the wall; and it were well they do, for examples, if for nothing else. The class of wise men to whom the country must look for beneficent effects, should be those of positive rather than negative force—aggressive, rather than yielding powers. It is of such material that leaders are made regardless of their partisan affiliation. It is such men that should be commended, their opposites, in a national economic sense, are utterly worthless.

Buchanan's Love Story.

A story now afloat to the effect that James Buchanan, while minister to England in 1854-55, became enamored of a lady of rank, is denied by George Ticknor Curtis, who is engaged on the memoirs of the dead statesman. Mr. Curtis says Mr. Buchanan was in love but once, and promises in the forthcoming memoirs to give the facts of that incident. Mr. Curtis can find no fault, if this story is given in advance of his publication, for the narrative is familiar in the local history of Lancaster, Pa., where the story has been handed down from people who lived when the love of the dead President was the gossip of society in that ancient city. In 1814 Mr. Buchanan was a young lawyer and an ardent Federal politician, practicing at the bars of Lancaster and Lebanon Counties.

He fell in love with the daughter of Robert Coleman, then a rich iron master, and the founder of the Coleman families of Lebanon and Lancaster counties. The Colemans had an antipathy to the young lawyer and rising politician, opposing an alliance through marriage. Miss Anna Coleman entertained different views on the subject. She received her admirer with favor, but in doing so had to confront the bitter opposition of her family. At this time Mr. Buchanan represented Lancaster county in the Legislature. Between Miss Coleman and a Miss Ohl, of Lancaster, there was a close intimacy. The latter, who secretly disliked Mr. Buchanan, was ready and artful enough for any intrigue to estrange the lovers. Knowing that Mr. Buchanan would arrive from Harrisburg on a certain evening, Miss Ohl banteringly told Miss C. that he would call on her first, when he reached Lancaster. This was regarded as preposterous by Miss C., who, nevertheless, accepted the banter and the matter so rested. That evening Miss O. made it a point to be near the office when the stage stopped on its arrival from Harrisburg, and the moment Mr. B. emerged she seized his arm, insisting that he must accompany her home, protesting that she had an important communication to make to him. Refusal was of no avail to a brilliant young woman, impelled by a subtle motive to achieve success in her adventure. And the young statesman was literally dragged into the meshes prepared for him by his artful deceiver. He went with the lady and his going forever sealed his life in loneliness. Miss Ohl kept Mr. Buchanan at her home until an hour too late for him to call at the Coleman mansion, and she managed to let her friend, Miss C., know where he was. At a proper hour next day Mr. Buchanan called on Miss C., to be coldly told that she never again desired to see him, and to have the door rudely closed to him. That day Miss C.'s brother hurried her to Philadelphia by private conveyance. Once out of Lancaster the young lady repented her rudeness and her rashness; overcome by remorse for what she had done, as the story always ran, she resorted to poison; and thus in what was a heartless deception, a pure love culminated in a rueful disaster, which ended the life of one of the lovers and cast a shade of gloom over the other, as he passed from one high station to another to find himself before he died, standing on the top round of the ladder of fame, from which he could look with disdain on the persecutors of his young manhood.

Alone in a narrow lot, surrounded by a fence which excludes all other burial, and beneath a ponderous sarcophagus, the remains of James Buchanan rest in a Lancaster cemetery. As he lived so he is buried—alone. He never looked with favor, such as men feel who look into the eyes of other women, but those of the choice of his youth, and her image he cherished through life.

The Alabama Planter complains that its little garden patch was unprofitable last season: "The snails ate up the cucumbers; the chickens ate up the snails; the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats."

Scientific Economy.

Where acquired near sightedness exists it may have begun to make its appearance in early life, perhaps almost as soon as the child was set at his books. Unless it appears before the age of sixteen it is not likely to appear at all. But a great many who think their eyes perfect—and, indeed, really have perfect eyes in comparison with those more grievously afflicted—are really more or less myopic. Not only is the vision of a majority of men and women defective in one respect or another, but it has been established beyond reasonable doubt that in all highly civilized communities myopia is developed in at least sixty and perhaps seventy per cent. of the pupils who reach the highest grades or go through the last years of school attendance. The disease, it clearly appears, is progressive. The eye gradually elongates, or is otherwise altered in structure or form, reaching in most instances a constant point of misshapement, when the near sightedness becomes fixed, but in some cases continuing to get out of order through all the years of book-study, until the twentieth or twenty-fifth year, or even almost until the close of life. In most near sighted persons the acuteness as well as the extent of vision is impaired and in the worst cases of progressive short sight the retina suffers serious damage, or absolute blindness supervenes. Proper glasses may enable short sighted persons to see comfortably, but they are always voted by their wearers a nuisance, and they do not restore diseased eyes to health, or prevent them, under certain circumstances from becoming more and more unsound.

Man breathes about 18 times a minute, and uses about 3000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogsheads of air per day.

It is positively asserted that soon the cars on the elevated railroads in New York will be run by electricity instead of steam. This change has been under consideration for many months.

Lecturing recently upon the geological history of Palestine, Prof. E. Hull, F. R. S., mentioned that the physical phenomenon which renders the Holy Land unique among all countries, is the remarkable depression of the Dead Sea, the surface of which is no less than 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. As the sea can have no outlet saline matters gather in great quantity, and 24.57 pounds of salts are found to exist in each hundred pounds of surface water, while the Atlantic contains but six pounds in each hundred.

In a paper read before the London geologists' association, Mr. W. F. Stanley attributes the rising and falling of the land surface of the globe chiefly to the pressure of snow and ice at the poles. It is supposed that the glacial accumulation has now reached a great thickness at the south pole, and it is Mr. Stanley's opinion that the weight of the vast mass upon the crust of the earth causes the extensive submergence of the southern hemisphere which now exists. He shows that Dr. Croll's theory that the earth's centre is shifted by the unequal polar accumulations is somewhat inconsistent with the facts which have been observed.

PAPER RAILS.—It is now claimed that paper can be utilized for the manufacture of rails in place of steel, which has almost displaced iron. It is said in favor of the new material that the cost per mile will be less by one-third than that of steel, and it will last much longer, being almost indestructible. There is no expansion or contraction from heat and cold, consequently no loose or open joints, and, being so much lighter than steel or iron, the rails can be made longer and the connections perfectly solid, making the road as smooth as one continuous rail. The adhesion of the drivers of the engine to this material will be greater than that of steel, consequently the same weight engine will haul a larger load. There will be great saving of fuel, and the smoothness of the rail will lessen the wear and tear of rolling-stock. The rails are made wholly and entirely of paper, and so solid that the sharpest spike cannot be driven into them. The action of the atmosphere has no effect on it, will neither rust nor rot, and with paper wheels and rails of the same material, palatial trains will glide over the paries at the rate of 60 miles an hour with as little jolt and jar as on an ocean steamer.

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A dog and his tail fell into a dispute as to which should wag the other. An itinerant Wasp passing that way casually remarked: "Speaking of Tails, reminds me that I possess one which may possibly be influential enough to wag you both." This fable teaches heaps.